

# In the Ghetto

Mac Davis

As the snow flies  
On a cold and gray Chicago mornin'  
A poor little baby child is born  
In the ghettoAnd his mama cries  
'Cause if there's one thing that she don't need  
It's another hungry mouth to feed  
In the ghettoPeople, don't you understand  
The child needs a helping hand  
Or he'll grow to be an angry young man some day  
Take a look at you and me,Are we too blind to see,  
Do we simply turn our heads  
And look the other way  
Well the world turnsAnd a hungry little boy with a runny nose  
Plays in the street as the cold wind blows  
In the ghetto  
And his hunger burnsSo he starts to roam the streets at night  
And he learns how to steal  
And he learns how to fight  
In the ghettoThen one night in desperation  
A young man breaks away  
He buys a gun, steals a car,  
Tries to run, but he don't get farAnd his mama cries  
As a crowd gathers 'round an angry young man  
Face down in the street with a gun in his hand  
In the ghettoAs her young man dies,  
On a cold and grey Chicago mornin',  
Another little baby child is born  
In the ghettoAnd his mama cries  
In the ghetto  
In the ghetto

Songwriters

DAVIS, MACPublished by

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